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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

DAVID SWING

AUTUMN, 1894.

I.

There's not a glory of these autumn days;
There's not a tender mist the sunset weaves,
Purple and amethyst, among the leaves;
There's not a vista through the woodland maze
Where gold and crimson meet in tangled maze
  Of gorgeous coloring these frosty eves;
  There's not a glimpse of gathered harvest sheaves,
  Nor flash of bird that trills its parting lays,
Winging its southward way; there's not a sight
  Of late, stray violet in the sunny nook,
  Nor scarlet lichen in the emerald moss,
But brings to those who knew the pure delight
  Of following thee in thy great soul's uplook
  A sense of deep, irreparable loss.

II.

For thou wert Nature's sweet interpreter,
  Cheering our hearts with hope that not in vain
  Was life, but good and fair despite its pain
And grief and loss; and thy high vision clear
Discerned with eye of Heaven-inspired seer
  The love that at the heart of things hath lain;
  And sun and cloud and flower and dew and rain
  Were each to thee Love's Heavenly Messenger.

Oh, missing thee from life's familiar ways,
  From the loved, sacred desk whence thou are gone,
  From all the daily paths thy footsteps trod,
Be ours to hallow all these mournful days
  With high resolve thy steps to follow on,
  And make thy faith our faith, thy God our God!

—*Helen Ekin Starrett.*

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A biography of one of Chicago's most unique figures and leaders will be published serially in UNITY beginning March 1st

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DAVID SWING

THE PROPHET OF CHICAGO

Is it still true that

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country"?

It is sadly true that as yet no biography of the late Professor Swing has been written. The fugitive sketches that have appeared have been necessarily inadequate and oftentimes inaccurate. It is then with great satisfaction that the publishers of UNITY announce that, with the beginning of the next volume, March 1, it proposes to publish the story of the life and a study of the ministry of David Swing, the poet preacher who for so many years touched the life of Chicago at its most vital points, ameliorating its crudities, softening its harshness and permanently modifying its spiritual climate. This series of articles will appear weekly and will run through the better part of the year.

Professor Swing left no material for a biography. Indeed, it never occurred to the modest man that his life was worthy of special record or that anyone in future years would sit down and tell his story. This beautiful, though excessive, modesty makes the task of his biographer a difficult one. However, his friends have been kind and helpful, his daughter especially gracious in giving access to his private manuscripts, and in the Rev. Joseph Newton, of Dixon, Ills., is to be found a man who has been deeply impressed and permanently profited by the ministry of David Swing, and he brings to the work a gifted mind and a skilful pen.

It has been said that "The record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time." Hence, it is high time that the life of David Swing should be studied,—a life that, like that of Lincoln, was founded upon pity, the pity that made him a "Man of Sorrows," but sorrow was the only shadow upon the spotless life. There was no vanity, envy or unseemly ambition. The charm of his nature was a blending of composure, gentleness and simplicity. His christianity was mellowed with universality; his ethics made profound with the impartiality of a philosopher; his piety was touched with the dream-like pensiveness of a poet.

Writes Mr. Newton, the biographer:

"My labor has been a labor of love. What David Swing did for me I shall never be able to tell. He was a friend and helper in a time of crisis, a dear mentor in a wilderness of doubt. After Emerson and Browning, the gentle, humane, wise, meditative Swing has been my best friend among the moderns. And this is true of thousands of men and women all over the land, to whom the world has never seemed quite the same since the heavens received him out of sight. I feel that we are now far enough away from him to see him in the juster perspective of years, and to estimate him for what he was."

The publishers of UNITY believe that there are scattered all over the country countless souls who were touched more or less directly by the life and words of Professor Swing before his death who will be glad of this opportunity to renew their acquaintance, and there are countless others who need such an acquaintance. The first of March is a good time to renew your subscriptions and to make new ones for UNITY. Is it not possible, with the co-operation of present subscribers, and this rare opportunity to obtain the story of Professor Swing, with the other good and true things which UNITY tries to tell, to double the subscribers? Let each one try to get another one and it will be done.

Now is the time to Subscribe for UNITY

and to enable every one to secure all of this biography, we now offer Two Full Years Subscriptions to UNITY, at least one being a new name, for only THREE DOLLARS. If you have already renewed your subscription for the current year you can still take advantage of this offer by securing one new name and sending us three dollars, and your date of expiration will be pushed forward one year.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Station M, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1908 | NUMBER 1

GOVERNOR GUILD'S LINCOLN DAY PROCLAMATION.

MASSACHUSETTS

Governor Guild's Lincoln day proclamation says, in part:

"Massachusetts claims his ancestry. Kentucky claims his birth. Illinois claims his home. The world owns his life.

"We are passing through a quiet, a fairly peaceful, but a very real social revolution. Equal rights were won by the generations that have gone before us. Equal opportunities are to be our gift to posterity.

"As always at a time of acute social excitement, the demagogue is a most conspicuous figure. The demagogue by catering to extremists seeks first his own advantage, and finds it in turning rational revolution into irrational anarchy.

"Lincoln was neither mawkish or sensational. He frankly sought public office. He never sought it by unworthy means. His sustaining trust was in the honesty of the ordinary citizen, whose life is neither the comfortable indolence that shrinks from all change nor the broken career that leaps to embrace a gospel of despair.

"He knew how to bide his time. His weapons were endless patience, cheerful good nature, abounding common sense and an abiding faith in his cause.

"He despised clap-trap. He embodied a cause, not a candidacy. He did not fight fire with fire. He faced hot excitement with cold reasoning and mad vituperation with clear truth.

"Let cannon and bell at high noon call the people from sport or study, or toil, to reflexion on that great life so nobly lived. Let the universal display from tenement to state houses of the flag of the United States of America remind the people that our country is the United States because of Abraham Lincoln."

That is very humble, but, to our mind, potent evidences of sainthood found in the story of the aged woman who was recently found dead in her apartments in New York, who, before she went, made adequate provision for her green parrot and white hen. Food had been placed within their reach adequate to meet their demands for a month. "Dying, she thought of her friends."

The Shut-In Society of Illinois recently took its annual dinner with the Religious Study Class at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Twenty-five or thirty of the workers, and one cheerful Shut-In, the twisted bit of humanity, furnished courage, joy and wisdom enough to inspirit a hundred more workers in this, one of the most beneficient of co-operative societies, —methodical kindness, too spiritual to be known as charity, so loaded with thoughtfulness as to put it beyond the pale of the charities that are dangerous.

UNITY fully sympathizes with the Pittsburg Rector who recently made bold and timely protest against the vulgarity, as well as the extravagance, of the modern "fashionable wedding." Says Dr. McIlvaine:

"Weddings of today are arranged and carried out by the florists, the same as funerals are handled by the undertakers, and the clergyman, necessary, of course, is sandwiched in. The slowest music is played as the bridal party marches up the aisle, to give the guests a longer time to look at the bride's dress, and they often do it standing up in their seats."

This is but one Bill of Particulars in the awful arraignment, which common-sense and common ethics should make against the inanities of fashion and the wastefulness of something called Society, which is debilitating organizations that were created for high purposes, menacing culture, and bringing religion and morals to their imbecility.

We are happy in being able to begin the thirty-first year of UNITY's life with the introduction to a serial study of the life and labors of David Swing, the poet-preacher of Chicago. Perhaps no other man in the short life of Chicago was permitted to do as much in the way of ameliorating the theological climate—marrying religion and poetry, morality and art. He was a radical without harshness, progressive but genial, and his love of truth was ever lit up with humane. Is it hoping too much that these series of articles will enable UNITY to find many of Prof. Swing's old friends and admirers, and finding them make of them friends, permanent readers, and loyal supporters of the paper whose initial numbers rejoiced in his confidence, and shared in his genial hopefulness? Will our old readers help us to find these new readers?

The failure on the part of the Senior Editor to hasten from Chicago to Independence, Iowa, to speak a memorial word over the mortal remains of an

UNITY parishioner was a source of real regret. The Senior Editor, to his knowledge, never met face to face Mrs. Caroline C. Tabor, but the knowledge that her long life of eighty-four years had been strengthened and cheered by the pastoral visit that never failed her through the long years of UNITY's acquaintance with her, established an intimacy which many years of personal intercourse fails to give. The story of Mrs. Tabor is an inspiring one, for she represents a vanishing type. By inheritance she received the best that the sturdy stock of New England had to give, a Vermont child who became the "little mother" to the orphaned sisters at eleven; a bride on the frontier in Michigan at twenty; a pioneer settler in the little river town of Prairie du Sac in Wisconsin away back in '49, where she bacame a factor in the better life of the village, the growing county and the developing state; and then years of Indian Summer with her children in Iowa, all the time living on familiar intimacy with Emerson, Dickens, Lowell, Philips and kindred heroes; an Abolitionist when they were scarce and one who did not prove disloyal to the early inspiration when there were none other than Abolitionists; a woman who, to the end of life, was willing to stand up to be counted for reform, ever in league with progressive ideas, and a champion of the unpopular, living in such a way that when she came to die she was missed "as the Head of the Clan" and all her neighbors said "How proud we were of her, her alertness, intrepidity, intellectual scope, wit, wisdom, kindness." In death, as in life, she was the young heart with a forward look. She died smiling, and on her death-bed she charged her son to secure for her a place in the Thirtieth Regiment of the UNITY Band. Surely it is a worthy parish that counts such parishioners within its ample folds. It is a great church that counts in its membership such unchurched souls as that of Caroline Tabor of Independence, Iowa, the sister, fellow-student and parishioner in the UNITY fellowship.

At the End of Thirty Years

The thirty years is completed and instead of the cheerful obituary, which was rather in the editorial mind a year ago, comes as cheerful a word of greeting and of prospect. UNITY has concluded to go on just as if nothing had happened. If, for a moment, we glance backward, it is only for the sake of a clearer look forward, a heartier grip on the things to do.

With the single exception of the first year, the present Senior Editor's name has headed the list and from the first, owing to the transfer of residence on the part of Mr. Sunderland, who edited the first six months, and the non-residence of Mr. Simmons, who was Editor-in-Chief the second six months, the burden of its care and management, the responsibility of bills and the necessity to devise and to decide, have remained where they now remain, in the hands of the same Senior.

As we look back, the one apparent obvious characteristic of UNITY has been that it has always had a cause on hand. Of its three Banner Words, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character," the second perhaps has been the most persistently in mind. So far as "Freedom" is concerned, UNITY has taken that for granted from the start. It has exercised the right to speak its mind and, so far as circumstances permitted, to grant that right to others without debate.

As to the third word, it must ever be a thing of demonstration rather than of statement, a realization rather than an argument. "Character" is being,—that which evades analysis and eludes definition.

But "Fellowship" is a thing to contend for, to strive after, to go in search of, and this UNITY has always striven to do. In its earlier days it tried to arouse the Western Unitarian Churches into self-helpfulness; it stood for the autonomy of the Western Unitarian Conference. That struggle soon landed UNITY in the midst of another struggle. The now well-nigh forgotten "Issue in the West" was a struggle to base the fellowship of religion on ethical rather than theological foundations, however lofty or general the latter might be.

UNITY saw the triumph of both of these early contentions and now rejoices in their application in territories far beyond the limits of its constituency, either then or now.

Then, naturally, unconsciously, the work and contentions of UNITY striking the fertile years of the Columbian Exposition, bloomed into the Parliament of Religion, which it took seriously, and to the service of which it lent its pages with all the fervor and willingness at its command.

The Parliament, which proved to be a greater event than any of its friends dared dream, and which but few now realize, was too vital a thing to die. It brought forth after its own kind, and, before the closing days, its child, the Congress of Religion, was born. And this was a larger thing than its friends anticipated or could understand. The limiting words "Liberal," "America," "Religious Societies," were one after another struck out of the name, leaving only the great synthetic suggestion of a "Congress of Religion." The name in its ultimate development is scarcely more than a prophecy; indeed its critics and the grad-grind religious economists who clamor for results may well say that it is "scarcely more than a name." Granted; but such a name!

In the first year of UNITY's existence, under the editorship of Henry Simmons, when its continuance was a problem,—it ever has been a problem,—Mr. Simmons wrote to the present writer:

"If we can do nothing more than to print the name and the motto,

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

it will be worth while to send it out and keep sending it out."

And we did send it out.

Borrowing the inspiration from this one of "Arthur's own Knights," we would say that if we can do nothing more than to perpetuate the title,—

"CONGRESS OF RELIGION",—

we have a high mission to fulfill, a noble thing to do.

Congress of *Religion,* not religions; the noble sanctifying, uplifting, unifying element in the human soul that unites the centuries and lifts the energies into there maximum, that which always has been essentially one in spirit and which is eventually to recognize that "oneness" and be qualified by it.

A *Congress* of Religion, not a Parliament, a place of talking, nor a Conference, a place of conferring or consulting: but a Congress, a going together, something that has movement in it, pushing towards the goal.

In clinging to this name and trying to create fellowship in its interest, we feel that we are standing for a deathless cause, an interest that must survive. Of the CONGRESS, as of UNITY, we can confidently say that if we were to abandon both causes and allow the names and the things, so far as they are outward, to disappear, yet the causes of UNITY, of "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion," of the "Congressing," the going together of religious forces, would remain in the world, persistent, aggressive, exacting, necessitating the prompt revival or the new creation of another UNITY and another CONGRESS.

So we begin the thirty-first year with a lot of new work in mind, fresh tasks on hand, desperate, on that account, high contentions, begging our support.

But strenuous as has been our contention for fellowship in these outward and organic ways, UNITY'S higher justification is found in the fellowship it has granted to those who otherwise would be solitary and isolated. It has been the silent pastor to the theological "Shut-Outs," as well as to the theological "Shut-Ins." It has preached where no preachers bearing its message could go. It has aided the devotions where no formal altars were to be found. It has tried to *be* companionship; it *has* fellowshipped, carrying the Sunday School, Church, lecture and classroom privileges to those who would have missed these privileges without it.

Hence, it is that UNITY is going ahead, and it is going ahead with the hearty co-operation and brotherhood of the Editorial Staff.

In order to test our strength and make real our corps, a letter was dispatched a few weeks ago to the corps of editorial writers, announcing the fact that we are going ahead and asking, "May we count on your continued support and your giving us such measure of editorial co-operation as lies within your power?" We print in our list on page 13 only the names of such as have granted us their consent in this new hold. It would be unjust to our readers not to pass on some of their greetings:

DR. JOSEPH STOLZ says:

"I shall esteem it a privilege to be kept in the good company of UNITY'S editorial contributors, and a real pleasure to contribute to the perpetuation of UNITY'S noble message to the world. I trust you will succeed in this venture."

* * *

PROF. CHRISTIE, of the Meadville Teological School, says:

"While I am very glad to have my name identified with UNITY and should be glad also to contribute to its columns, I realize that my contributions have not been such as to justify the printing of my name as an editorial contributor and think you take the fresh start. This advice is accompanied in my own mind by an intention to offer more frequently than before contributions to UNITY, though I am seldom in the position of thinking that which I may have to offer is adapted to any particular public or satisfactory to myself.

"As for suggestions, I do not know whether the circle of UNITY'S readers would care for more foreign religious, but the defect, for my own interests, in most American religious weeklies is that they are too local. I have heard others also praise the *Literary Digest* for its interesting accounts of European events and discussions in the religious sphere, and I think they might profitably be imitated. A German periodical which I take has occasionally letters about religious situations in France or Italy or England, which are very useful to me. I have often wished to read also a full statement of the number and variety of enterprises like social settlements in our own large cities, Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland. It seems to me that it would be a valuable thing to have a conspectus of these new institutions, that we might measure the development of these new agencies."

* * *

PROF. BLAISDELL, of Beloit, says:

"Yours of Feb. 6 regarding UNITY is at hand. It makes me realize again how much we are UNITY'S debtors. I certainly am greatly interested in the mission and work of UNITY. It has never seemed to me that the little in my power was worthy of recognition as an 'editorial contributor.' * * * But my hand and heart are in the cause of the Greater Union which is coming."

* * *

REV. GRANVILLE R. PIKE, of Eau Claire, says:

"Yours of the 6th inst., relative to 'editorial contributors,' is at hand. * * * My health is getting better now, however, and I hope to do something to justify that title, of which I am more proud than any other attached to me. * * *

"UNITY is still my choice of papers for suggestiveness and fearless grappling with the current situation, whatever it is. My only suggestion for its improvement would be that you print only one side of the paper, so that I can cut it out and file its contents without spoiling about half the articles I want to keep!"

* * *

REV. J. H. CROOKER, of Boston:

"It is very little that I have been able to do for UNITY in the past; it will be little more, probably, that I shall be able to do for it in the future; *but* I keenly appreciate the honor of having my name in such distinguished company, and I shall endeavor to be helpful in the future if you keep me among the *elect.*"

* * *

PROF. HENDERSON, University of Chicago:

"In replying to your letter of February 6 I would say I am ready at any time to write an article on a subject in my line when you think it will be of service. I hope soon to give you one on a subject which is stirring my mind and wanting an outlet."

* * *

REV. W. M. BACKUS, Sec. Western Unitarian Conference:

"Your letter concerning the appearance of my name as an editorial contributor to UNITY is at hand. I am very much

ashamed that my name has been in the list so long and that I have done so little for UNITY, but you seem to understand the situation when you speak of my preoccupation. As a matter of fact I am from the city so much that it leaves me but little time to do the office work when I am here, but so long as I remain secretary of the Western Conference I think it would be well for me to have my name among the list of editorial contributors. I have great interest in your work and the most ardent sympathy for it. If only you would ask me at certain times for certain things I would gladly respond, but being absorbed in my own work, matters seldom occur to me for UNITY."

* * *

PROF. A. W. SMALL, of the University of Chicago:

" * * * With reference to the editorial item, if my average of coming to time since I have been on the list of contributors * * * will save my face and yours, I should hope to be able to live up to the mark. I do not feel certain that I could squeeze in a better average."

* * *

From the ever fertile POWELL:

"I always send you a lot of stuff when you are off in Wisconsin and need it, and I do not mean to be any meaner hereafter."

* * *

REV. F. V. HAWLEY, Pastor Unity Church, Chicago:

"In reply to your letter concerning my interest in the publication of UNITY let me say that while I have not often contributed to the editorial columns of UNITY I have never refused to do my part when definitely asked or instructed. I probably ought to do better than merely respond to specific requests, and I shall hope to send something voluntarily during the coming year."

* * *

REV. JOHN FAVILLE, Pastor Congregational Church, Appleton, Wis.:

"I shall consider it an honor and privilege to remain as a 'contributing editor' to UNITY. I believe in the paper and in its senior editor from start to finish. I only wish I could be of more service, but the World, the Flesh and—My Church crowd in."

* * *

REV. F. A. WEIL, Bellingham, Wash.:

"I shall consider it a privilege to have my name remain among the editorial contributors to UNITY, and shall endeavor to send as occasion permits something of interest, and in a way also represent this great Northwest. * * * My only suggestion in regard to the make-up of the paper comes somewhat upon the impulse of the moment, and possibly if I thought it over I might not send it, for the plan is neither new nor novel. But from experience in newspaper work for several years I know the value of such a move, however 'light' it may seem to the newspaper man at times. This is simply a subscribers' column, in which communications are printed from subscribers —name and address included. Some rule is necessary to prevent a discussion overrunning bounds of time and space. The topics may be suggested or may arise from the contents of UNITY. If there are few communications that space is filled easily. This move will bring subscribers into more vital touch with UNITY, merely through the feeling that there is a corner in it where they are able to stand up and be heard. At least the experiment might be worth while; but if it does not appeal—and I know it is not of great value—at least I have made the attempt to say something along the line of suggestions and shall have no remorse at its not filling a want. As to the endowment * * * I believe your present method is bound to have the necessary measure of success."

REV. E. G. UPDIKE, Pastor Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.:

"I shall be very glad to retain the same connection I have had with UNITY and contribute something occasionally. You are getting out a good paper which covers an important field."

The veteran Senior of us all, Rev. H. W. Thomas, sends us the first word after a long illness in his home in Florida, which is published elsewhere. Words equally cordial have come from Messrs. Boynton and Burlingham, who ask that their names be dropped simply on account of the pressure of other engagements. While thus regretting to drop some names, we are glad to add, with their consent, the names of Prof. Zeublin, and the one who has always been Co-editor in spirit, an "ever present help in times of trouble"—and all other times—W. C. Gannett.

The Editorial grip is packed, the ticket is bought, and in a few hours (March 1st, 10 P. M.) the Senior will be off for his March escape and up and down the Pacific Coast. But, meanwhile, UNITY and the good work of which it is the center, will go on merrily.

May I, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in closing this Editorial Prospectus of the new year, use ineffectual words to represent the inexpressible debt of gratitude to the friends who, through a whole generation of mortal time, have upheld my hands in this UNITY work, taken the small deed for the bigger wish, overlooked the countless defects and disappointments and enlarged the merits?

It was once in the plans at the Office to celebrate the Thirtieth Anniversary of UNITY with a long-table dinner, a banquet of Good-will. That plan is not abandoned, but postponed. When the Thirtieth Regiment is complete and the friends have given the assurance that the editorial problems of UNITY for the next thirty years will be relieved of some of the embarrassment of the thirty years just closed, we will have a dinner, a long-table dinner, to which the whole Regiment will be invited, and we will make room for all if we have to use the whole of Tower Hill and the adjoining farms for the extended table. Friends, I thank you. Here's my hand for another pull, unrimmed by figures and independent of calendars!

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The Story of Life

"We spend our years as a tale that is told;" the strange and wonderful years of an earthly existence. We do not try to put them away and keep them; the "spending," or life in its actual living, is really the "tale that is told" by the millions of earth's children as they come and go; the "tale" of war and peace, poverty and plenty, sorrow and joy.

Life is a process; incessant, continuous. Childhood and youth are a growth, acquisitive, a becoming. When the maximum of strength is attained, then comes the period of balanced forces, the equi-

librium of loss and gain. These are the great working years when the larger tasks are possible. Then comes the period of decline; the balance has changed to the side of loss, of failing power; and all this not by the choice of man; it is the order of nature.

I had reached my seventy-fifth year; nine months ago came a violent bilious attack, affecting the brain, stomach and whole alimentary process. For several days I was but partially conscious, the vital forces were very low and the end possibly very near. Then began the slow, long process of recovery; trying to regain what had been lost by disease. An organism worn by the long years of time and hard work, it seems like beginning life again. Perfect rest was imperative. I have slept more than half the time; with a good home the conditions have been favorable and my care has been the best. I have done no work and written no letters—these are the first lines, and I hope through UNITY may be a partial answer to the many letters from so many dear friends.

But man is more than a physical body of flesh and blood; more than an existence. Man is a Being, is related to the Infinite, to God. "In him we live and move and have our being." Man is directly related to and descended from the "Principle of Principles;" truth, justice, love; and man should be these Divine qualities in the transactional life of the material in which he has his quantitative existence. Being is qualitative. The animal world below man has existence, suffers and enjoys; man belongs to the world of Being, is rational, knows the world of moral qualities, of right and wrong, of duty and obedience to the Divine order of the good. All this vast world of the quantitative is to become the qualitative in the transactional truth, justice and love of the higher forms of the institutionalized social order.

The fact of *Being* must be accentuated; the qualitative is that in which are the eternal values. These physical bodies must grow old and die. Being is immortal; and in some form, we must suppose, will always have existence, relationship to the material.

With age there comes a sense of loneliness; so many of those we have known and loved are gone. And it has often been noted that the sense of friendship in Chicago was very wide and deep for its old and best known citizens; strangers felt it in the great house of worship. But we look around and ask where are these old familiar faces known and loved by all the city? Gone, gone. Where are the friends and neighbors of the long years in Chicago? Gone, gone.

And, yet, I am not in any sad sense, lonely. Have not been in these long nine months; nor have I lost interest in the great affairs of the world, but feel that a new, larger and better life is coming, is near. Religion will be less a matter of doubt and debate over forms and ceremonies, and more of trust and glad obedience in the Divine Order of God.

H. W. THOMAS.

DeFuniak Springs, Florida, Feb. 23, 1908.

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet Preacher

INTRODUCTION.

I.

It is now fourteen years since the great figure of David Swing disappeared from mortal vision. So far there has been no adequate record of his life, no serious appraisal of his labors, and no attempt to set him in due order among our teachers of faith. This is indeed strange to those who recall his rare and beautiful genius, the nobility and amplitude of his thought, the beneficient impression of his personality, and the extent of his influence and fame. It is time that some account be given of Swing, else that radiant man will fade, as he seems well nigh to have done, from his rightful place in human memory.

And yet it is with a feeling almost of futility that one undertakes to portray in words the subdued charm, the gentle strength, and the appealing grace of that wonderful man. Swing was a man of such high and tender humanity, of such skyey beauty of soul, of personality so engaging, pervasive and lovable, that it is not easy to form a just and calm estimate of him. When I seek for that in him which hallowed his intellect, making it potent to beguile men of equal love and awe, that which made every effort to measure him during his lifetime end in a blur of eulogy, I find it in a blend of Beauty, Pity, and Pathos. He moved men as almost no one else ever moved them, and they did not care to analyze or define his spell. They felt it deeply, wistfully, tenderly, and were touched by a sense of sadness in joy, as they are in the presence of surpassing beauty anywhere. One can follow the quiet stream of his years, one can trace the orbit of his mind, but one cannot describe David Swing.

As I look back at him now in the clearer perspective of the years, more and more Swing rises up as one of the big, wise, tender men of his day, and altogether worthy of our grateful and lasting remembrance. By what test soever one applies to it, his historic ministry in Music Hall, Chicago, is one of the best traditions of the pulpit; all the more so for that it was unique not only in its methods, and in its ruling ideas, but in the audience to which it appealed. In splendor of oratory Swing was excelled, like all others, by Beecher, and as a man of the spirit by Phillips Brooks—that cathedral-like personality. But if one must classify him, it is to that type of the great preacher that he belonged—the orator, the man who prevails less by the depth and originality of his ideas than by the power of a kindled personality; the man in whom a genuine spirituality is joined with a rich and pure manhood, making his pulpit at once a throne of beauty and a shrine of worship. Genius of this order has in it a fascination more compelling than literature, more direct than architecture, and more vivid than music.

As unlike as ever men were in temper, training, and method, these masters of assemblies were yet comrades in spirit, in faith, and in their common and high ambition; each, except for the others, the greatest preacher of his land; each the best beloved citizen of his city, if not the most distinguished. In varying tones and keys—Beecher with his harp of gold, Brooks with his rapid and melodious eloquence, Swing with his slow, dreamy, drawling voice full of strange stops—and all with abundant insight and beauty, they prophesied of Divine Love and Reason; of racial unity and brotherhood; of the catholicity that is in Christ; of social morality, national nobility, and human wel-

fare. All good things were helped by their large, freely-moving, forward-looking ministries—journalism, literature, and the everlasting enterprise of education, no less than the dearer interests of religion, the freedom of faith and the culture of the soul. Indeed, it is doubtful if in any age or country they have ever been surpassed in their vocation and class.

But Swing was set apart even from his two fellow-workers, not more by the quality of his mind than by the methods of his ministry. Among masters of the pulpit he has a place of his own, as he had a gift of his own, for it was not his varied learning, or his rich culture, or his simple faith, that could explain his peculiar persuasiveness. He was no more like Robertson, of whom he reminded us, than Stanley, with whom he shared a lack of the speculative faculty; no nearer Maclaren than Joseph Parker. He had, indeed, much in common with these teachers, and with all the fruitful and upward-looking prophesy of his age—a faith in the Divine order of the world, a reverence for human nature, a respect for reason, and a concern for the real and practical in religion. Yet in his own distinction and power, in his character as a helper of those who recoiled from the formal and arbitrary in religion, there was no one like him, there was no one near him. Like all such men he had his imitators, but his genius was his own and his mantle was his shroud.

II.

If an ideal sermon be a religious stump speech, as it was once defined by John A. Broadus—who taught preachers by precept and by shining example—then Swing was not a preacher at all. By this test he was more of an essayist than a preacher, as he was more of a sage than a seer: an essayist, I may add, at once genial, facile and prolific, with a double gift of personality and style, and a felicity of simplicity without commonness, very rare indeed. But I prefer to regard him as a preacher of a type all his own, unique in the wealth and range of his ideas, and by far the most perfect master of the graces and refinements of language that has stood in any American pulpit. As such his work—especially those mellow, meditative sermons of his later years—is one of our most precious possessions. This at least is true, that in the pages of Swing we have a body of writing unlike anything else in the literature of the pulpit.

Ever memorable are the words of the Puritan Robinson, exhorting his flock, at his parting from them, not to come, like other sects, to "a period in religion," but to be willing to embrace further light. In his day he recognized only the further light which should break out of the written word of God. But upon the period in which David Swing labored further light from the Unwritten had broken. To say that it was a period of transition would be to repeat what has been true of every age, time out of mind and from whatever beginning. It was an age of science, of social unrest, of theological chaos, almost of panic, as witness its cloud-shadows as they are reflected in the lives of men who lived through it—of Arnold, say, or of Tennyson. Skepticism took every form that genius could devise, even that of inventing substitutes for the religion it had cast aside, and the gusts of the age carried its seeds hither and yon. The pulpit was busy, for the most part, spinning gossamer-like bridges wherewith to reconcile the old theology to the new knowledge. Multitudes sought refuge in indifference, while others retreated into the dreamy mazes of the occult—that strange mysticism which gives to the harder facts of life that solemn apartness which moonlight in nature adds to the most ungainly objects. Few now know the profound unsettlement of soul, the alarm, which marked those years when it was feared that Christian faith would not live out the century. It is in the frame of that era that the sermons of Swing must be read, and by his leadership of faith in an age of doubt that he must be judged.

As has been said, Swing shared with Stanley a lack of the speculative faculty, and this is the clue to his ministry on its theological side. He had those limits of mind which made common sense his reigning gift, but in him common sense was lifted into genius and glorified by the soul of an artist. Old systems of dogma he made to be of little account, not by attacking them in detail, or at all—save now and then with a polished satire sheathed, always, in a scabbard of velvet—but by quietly passing them by. They lay so far outside his own way of thinking that he had no relation to them, hardly even that of opposition. Debate about them was a dim battle in a doubtful land, far away from the plane of life—crowded with human figures, and crowned with divine achievement—where all his interest lay. Ideas which did not touch life or effect conduct, which lost themselves in abstractions without a moral, he was apt to regard as mere matters of argument or definition which, after all, did not define or settle anything. Having prevailed for so long, and having done so little for either the peace or usefulness of faith, he was disposed, perhaps too summarily, to cast them aside in behalf of that eternal religion which cleaves everywhere to the life and soul of man. One may agree with him in this or not; but, at least, it shows the path in which his mind moved. And to follow that path was to be led to a new point of view in religion, but it was chiefly the point of view that was new.

It was this genius of common sense, so to name it, which made him so wise a mentor in the age of theological break-up in which his life was cast. In his day the time was not ripe for a reshaping of dogma such as is now proceeding, and for that task Swing had not the genius—though his work was singularly rich in suggestions to that end. The movement inspired by Coleridge—a renaissance of the Greek spirit in theology—which had response in Maurice, Kingsley and Stanley, and in less profound form in Beecher and Brooks, met a congenial genius in Swing, whose Greek soul hastened to give voice to its hidden and forgotten beauty. He saw that the doubt of the age was but the shadow of an out-grown theology projected upon the scene by the dawning of a sweeter, saner, more inspiring faith, which, as a fact, was the old faith in new form and force, with newer applications and realizations. Christian truth, he saw, needed not only a restatement, but a resetting; needed, that is, to be so related to actual life and to the humanities of the world, as not to be shaken by the last found fact of science. In thus seeking to bring theology down to the earth, he failed, it may be, to unveil that hidden truth whereof no man knoweth, and which the impulses of a natural piety do not reach. But he did make luminous the human side of religion, its social meaning, and the myriad points of its contact with the common lot.

A man of this order, by nature a dealer in the most universal of ideas, catholic in temper and practical in aim, could not be a theologian, least of all a sectary. No sect or party within a sect, no cult, is called after his name; no scheme of dogma takes date from his career as a thinker. He was a Commoner in religion,

as he once happily described Phillips Brooks, neither orthodox nor radical, and in no wise concerned with those dogmas which toil not nor spin in the service of life. At a time when men in large numbers were turning away from the altar, Swing tried to do the one thing worth doing, the only thing left to do. He sought to take the great truths—the truths which underlie all sects and overarch all creeds—out of the mist of the abstract, out of the din of debate, out of the bog of negation and dogmatism, and set them in a real world of beauty, right reason, and tender human life. Always his effort was to show that the truth most needful for man is in the near-by facts of life, if we fly low enough to see it, and that the basis of faith is as solid as the earth. If not a genetic thinker, like Emerson or Bushnell, he was a novel thinker, giving beauty, color, and wonder to facts and ideas already so familiar as to have lost all power to stir the mind. Old truths, seen through the prism of his genius, seemed new, and real, and close to the life of man—sometimes very close. Men rejoiced to discover that, despite their fears, the great truths were still true, and for simple obvious reasons hitherto overlooked. God, Duty, and the Eternal Life were felt to be the sure possessions of man, and all noble living was seen to lead to Christ.

But this bare statement of the purpose of his ministry gives no inkling of how he led men of all faiths, and men of no faith, to the larger outlook; with what abundant wisdom and sympathy, with what catholicity and tenderness of mind, with what chaste and moving eloquence. Oddly as it may seem, his essay-like sermons were in effect a form of evangelistic address, appealing as they did to vexed and bewildered minds, and to those who had gone out into the arid wastes of a half belief. Nature, learning and trials had wonderfully endowed Swing with the faculty of reaching that class, to whom few can speak, and to whom the church did not minister. He combined, attractively, the wide survey of a publicist with the sincere and calm optimism of a Christian; religiousness with literary refinement; unshaken faith with freedom of thought; the lucid sanity of a sage with the pensive, dream-like soul of a poet. Never was culture more opulent, more modest, more practical, and never was it brought to the service of faith in more forms of beauty.

III.

Who that heard the vanished preacher in the now vanished Music Hall can ever forget the curious richness of his physique, and his awkward gestures; the great sad face so full of kindness, which lighted up like an aurora when he spoke; his voice with its peculiar intonations, which rang out like a trumpet in his climaxes; the pervasive aroma of ripe culture; the ever-present hero-worship and the great names he conjured with; the wide outlook which swept the whole field of history and of life; the sage-like simplicity of homely wisdom, touched with poetic beauty and fancy; the quaint, sly, half-pathetic humor, kindly and contageous; and above all, the sweet-toned melting pathos, as of one who had pity and hope for man—pity for his past, and hope for his future?

Gentle, deliberate, homely, eloquent—one knows not how to convey any exact impression of that unique orator. He lacked every grace of elocution, and yet he produced such effects as only a great orator may produce. By a kind of human electricity Henry Ward Beecher swayed the multitudes as the wind sways the clouds, his glorious body made incandescent by spiritual fire. Swing had not that magnetic fire, being too frail a man to kindle so vital and consuming a flame. Nor was he of the order of Phillips Brooks, whose sermons were, at times, rapt and lofty soliloquies. His speech reminded one, remotely, of that of Emerson, devoid, as it was, of the element of intense expression and highly wrought feeling. It was an oratory of subdued tones, a serene music of the mind, though there were signs of high tension in the speaker. Touch was added to touch, beauty to beauty, and it seemed as if all were done so easily; and in his moments of supreme power the lavishness of his resources was amazing. But more amazing was the clairvoyant sympathy by which he entered—a dear, familiar friend—into the hearts of men, as if he knew what all had felt, what all had suffered, the lonely sorrows and the long lost ideals of each soul. It was the enchantment of pure genius, a voice that one hears once in a lifetime, and never forgets.

The triumph of Swing was complete, but opinion of him varied widely, especially among ecclesiastics and theologians. Some held that he was a soothsayer of a transition; others that he was a priest of the Church of Holy Ambiguity; and still others regarded him as only a graceful stylist sitting in the vestibule of the temple. It was the simplicity of the man, his fine poise in the midst of sects, isms and fads, that baffled all who tried to label him. Only the universal truths engaged his heart and inspired his ministry, and upon these his essays were so many variations and improvisions of melodious speech. In some of his sermons the name of Christ was not so much as heard, but He was always there, like a diffused essence coloring the whole—sometimes, indeed, so rarified as to be only an exquisite perfume. Despite this vagueness of thought, perhaps because of it, he inspired faith, and if his sanctified common sense knew little of ecstacy, it knew less of despair. All men knew that religion was the one mastering idea of his life, and that whoever else might let go of faith, or betray the ideal, that would he never. He had but one ambition: to lift the men of Chicago, and the strangers within her gates, out of the mire of materialism into the higher air of God. There, for almost thirty years, his face shone with the truths most often on the lips of Jesus, and no one can measure his influence upon his city and his age.

If ever of any one it can be said of Swing—as it was said of Brooks—that his ministry was a continual disclosure of a beautiful soul; the bringing of truth through character. Some men prevail by what they know, some by what they do. Swing prevailed by what he was—a man straightforward, wise by his very guilelessness, and always effective because he was such an unveneered human being. The goodness and sincerity of him were transparent, and there was no sour wisdom hidden away in his heart. His life, like the life of Lincoln, was founded upon pity. That pity made him a man of sorrows, but upon his life there was no shadow save the shadow of sorrow. The charm of his nature was a blended composure, gentleness and benignity. His vocation, by the grace of God, was the ministry of beauty, culture and charity. His character, his personality, the cast of his mind, the quality of his view of life, and, it must be admitted, the flowing robes with which he invested the truth as he saw it, gave him his sway over his fellow men. My task here is to describe that unique man, his personal, and intellectual charm, the methods of his ministry, and the ruling ideas of his life. And that, it need hardly be said, no one can adequately do.

The art of a great preacher—and it is at once an art and an incarnation—is much like that of the actor, and unlike that of the poet, the painter or the statesman. It dies with him. Draw his picture how you will, something ineffable and uncapturable is lost beyond recall. His monument, as has been well said, is an hiatus, a vacancy, even a vacancy that is vacated with the passing of the generation to whom he ministered. The more reason, then, that we should remember him, that as little as possible may be lost of the precious treasure of mankind. What if the picture of him be bathed somewhat in the rose-glow cast upon it by our own emotions—that is just his glory; that he evoked those emotions in us and made us, for a brief time, better than ourselves.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?
Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.
To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Union of Theological Seminaries

The *Congregationalist* has several stimulating editorials in its last issue from one of which we quote below with cordial approval. In one assertion, however, an interrogation forces itself as to the real animus and cause of "the great days of Andover, New Haven and Hartford." Was it not in fact a matter of theological controversy which set off Hartford from New Haven, a difference between a "Taylor and a Tyler" in things purely dogmatic? We doubt if there is any way of holding on "interested constituency" so potent or lasting as a theological controversy, and with the dogmatic differences lost sight of, the theological wounds healed, what "principles and ambitions" can or does Hartford stand for that will not be shared by Andover and New Haven? The direct and definite relation of the Seminary to the churches at large is surely most essential and advisable, but will three or four New England Seminaries do this any better than one or two? C. A. O.

There is a movement in Scotland toward a union of the theological colleges. At a conference held at Edinburgh in January the students of the existing schools were all apparently in favor of the movement, and it has been inuorsed by the general council of Glasgow University. The advantages of such a union, especially in so compact a nationality as Scotland, are obvious. There would be large saving of expense and an increase, in certain directions, of efficiency. Something is to be said also in favor of the resulting unification of ministerial training, and to many the probable new breadth and liberty of thought would be especially attractive. On the other hand, as the *Scottish Review* points out, the seminaries would pass out of organic connection with the religious bodies for whom they train ministers. A theological college is "the training school for the ministers of a given church, and must therefore stand in living relation to that church." It says that the present system has worked beneficially both for the students and for the people at large, and that professors and students have worked with a practical end in view. The relation between the laymen and the churches and the theological colleges has been intimate and reciprocal. The *Review* reaches the conclusion that the union of colleges must follow the larger union instead of preceding it. Here in America the history of our Congregational seminaries shows that they have been most effective when they have been most in vital touch with the churches. The great days of Andover, New Haven and Hartford have been the days when they stood for the principles and ambitions of an interested constituency. We cannot think that there would be no sacrifice in a consolidation of our Congregational seminaries which would make them organic parts of great universities at the expense of this tie of relation to the churches at large. What we really need is a revival of the old popular interest in the work and thought of the theological schools.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Anarchist Murders Catholic Priest.

Last week in Denver, Colo., an anarchist, by name Guiseppe Genarnaccio, shot and instantly killed Father Leo Heinrichs, just after the latter had given him the holy communion at the altar. The priest was shot through the heart and almost instantly killed. A policeman in the church soon grappled with the Italian and he was taken in custody. Apparently the assassin had no personal motive for the crime other than his general statement that "all priests are against the working man"; he is proud to be called an anarchist whose methods to secure supposed blessings are those of the most radical type. This Italian left Italy only three months ago and asserted that he had three other murders planned. Taken in connection with the "Black Hand" crimes which have recently terrorized New York, and with the reported plot to blow up the United States naval magazine in that city, there is little reason to doubt that Italian immigrants will be more closely inspected and perhaps many innocent people brought under suspicion. Certainly too severe condemnation cannot be pronounced upon these mistaken champions of license.

Missionary Eaten by Cannibals.

Report has just reached San Francisco that Rev. Alexander McLoughlin was killed and devoured by cannibals on St. George Island, off the Solomon group, some months ago. After a gunboat had bombarded the village the native chief surrendered the bones of the missionary and gave some $50,000 worth of pearl shells as an indemnity.

New State Constitution.

A constitutional convention has recently completed its work in Michigan, and the new instrument prepared for that state furnishes a marked contrast to the one recently adopted by the new state of Oklahoma. While there is moderate provision for the initiative and referendum, an opportunity for citizens to petition for constitutional changes, together with a clause providing for the submission of proposed statutes to the approval of the people whenever the legislature so directs, the whole constitution is remarkably conservative compared with the revolutionary methods obtainable in Oklahoma. Woman's suffrage was recommended by a committee but defeated in the convention itself, and a property qualification was attached to the exercise of suffrage in reference to municipal ownership of public utilities. This latter clause may render the adoption of the constitution somewhat questionable.

Health Department to Fight Rodents.

Health Commissioner Dr. Evans has been investigating the prevalence of rats in downtown restaurants and other buildings and asserts the public health is seriously endangered by the presence of these vermin, which carry disease in many ways. Food is cooked in the same rooms where rats are wont to rummage, and the department asserts that only the wiping out of the thousands of rats will save the city from a serious plague. In this connection the state board of health found twenty of the cows supplying milk to the Bartonville insane asylum were afflicted with tuberculosis and have ordered them slaughtered.

Affairs in China.

Various reports have recently been circulated concerning a protest by this nation against the actions of Japan in Manchuria. Apparently the Japanese have seized the reins of power in China, and the United States will make a protest to the various nations in behalf of the "open door" policy which was championed by Secretary Hay some years ago. It is not likely this government will use anything but moral suasion, and certainly there is no danger of war, but manifestly a vigorous protest to the powers would not be unheeded by Japan. Meantime the Japanese merchants have carried on their work with great enterprise, and also railways are being extended over China, particularly the Peking-Kalgan railroad, which is being constructed by Chinese employees under the general direction of Claude Kinder, an Englishman. This road is owned by the Chinese government, and when completed it will reduce the time from Peking to London, via the Trans-Siberian railroad and Moscow, to nine or ten days. In most ways modern methods and ideals are being adopted, but last week the Chinese empress issued a decree elevating Confucius to the rank of a god and calling for various forms of worship in his honor. It is asserted, how-

ever, this decree does not institute a reactionary policy, but is rather a sop thrown to the conservatives in order that they may not become unduly excited by the radical measures which are being introduced throughout the empire.

New York to Paris Automobile Race. The end of last week the contestants in the great automobile race were released from the snow banks in Indiana and finally reached Chicago, the American machine considerably in the lead. Undoubtedly this great endurance test across the American continent up through Alaska and over the ice to Siberia, then down through the continent of Europe, will serve to signalize the tremendous stride made by modern science and invention in recent years. It will also call for courage and skill as well as endurance on the part of the men who operate the machines. All in all it is much more praiseworthy than the methods employed by multimillionaires in wasting their money on automobile luxuries.

The Latest Blunders in Russia. After a long trial the Russian military court has condemned General Stoessel to the death penalty because he surrendered Port Arthur "before all the means of defense had been exhausted," but they recommended the sentence be commuted to imprisonment because the fortress, "beset by overwhelming forces, defended itself under General Stoessel's leadership with unexampled stubbornness and filled the world with astonishment at the heroic courage of its garrison." A more stultifying verdict could hardly be imagined, and certainly it is in harmony with the utter failure of Russia either to carry on a successful warfare or to appreciate the courage and loyalty of her own soldiers. Doubtless a scapegoat is desired as an offset to the national humiliation, but in this case the hero is honored and the humiliation of the nation only increased. Nor has the recent action of the Czar in bestowing praise upon a portion of the Duma, for their unexampled success in doing nothing, added to public confidence in the present parliament or in its assurance of future peace.

Report of Legislative Voters' League. The recent report by the non-partisan organization charging that the Illinois legislature has been dominated by political bosses, and pointing to the new primary law as the one pathway to efficiency and safety, is worthy of careful reading. There seems good reason for believing that with the primary law in full operation any organized and energetic force of righteous men could accomplish great good both in the transformation of the present legislature and in the securing of laws which would make for righteous and good citizenship throughout the state. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the reign of the political boss, at least of the type and method hitherto prevalent, is about ended. Recent reports seem to indicate that Speaker Cannon will hardly become the favorite son of Illinois at the national Republican convention, and even in Congress his rule as czar of all the American Russia seems to have been definitely challenged. Last week he was forced to overrule the action of the ways and means committee, of which he himself was the virtual chairman. Possibly democracy may yet be tried in America.

Progress in Public Education. At a convention in Washington last week the superintendents of schools and other educators were invited by Secretary Wilson to take advantage of the plans and policies of the department of agriculture for school gardens and the study of plant life in schools. It is asserted without fear of contradiction that children make better citizens as a result of lessons in tilling ground and raising plants and produce. Taken in connection with a recent pessimistic assertion by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, that children in the modern schools "are not educated," but only crammed with facts, these suggestions from Secretary Wilson, and the report of progress made along similar lines throughout the nation, seem to indicate that a radical transformation is taking place in the methods of the public schools. So long we have been told that our free school is the bulwark of American liberty, it is startling to hear such critical statements as these of a leading educator like President Wilson. Perhaps the time is coming when the schools will educate the entire personality rather than merely crowd certain facts into the brain. C. A. O.

It is to you, who are grown men, noble and honorable, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness,—to make human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier and more blessed.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Boston, February 26, 1908.

Editor of Unity:

I am usually in complete accord with my friend E. D. Mead in the interpretation of religious liberty, but his view of the Calvin-Servetus incident seems to me to be too greatly tinged by his admiration for the civil and political services of the great reformer of Geneva. It is not a "Unitarian assumption" which has led to the general condemnation of Calvin's deed, but the impartial voice of history. Thus the historian Gibbon, whose long residence at Geneva gives his opinion an especial weight, declared: "I am more deeply scandalized at the single execution of Servetus than at the hecatombs which have blazed in the auto-da-fes of Spain and Portugal."

John Calvin was himself a heretic. He knew what it was to be exiled and persecuted for opinion's sake. He founded his splendid protest against the authority of Rome on reason and conscience, as the interpreters of the Bible and tradition. Hence we have a right to expect a nobler frame of mind in so great an intellect, so austere a conscience, so devoted a student of Christ's example and word. To simply say that he shared the prevailing intolerant, persecuting spirit of his age, and could not be expected to transcend it, is to extenuate his offense too easily. There were circumstances attending his persecution of Servetus which prove that it was dictated far more by wounded personal vanity, by anger at the audacity of his victim in questioning his (Calvin's) judgment and will, than by a holy horror of heresy, or fear of Servetus' disturbing influence on the Protestant cause. Servetus, while residing at Vienna, France, had entered into correspondence with Calvin, and not only sent him his book, "Christianity Restored," but also returned to him certain pages of his own "Institutes" with marginal notes written thereon, boldly criticising some of Calvin's opinions and interpretations. This aroused the wrath of the reformer of Geneva. Secretly he put himself into relations with the Roman Catholic authorities of Vienne, and while still in ostensible friendly relation with Servetus he sought to arouse ecclesiastical hatred against him and have him condemned and executed. Servetus was arrested, thrown into prison, and only by friendly connivance did he escape from the city and save his life for the time. Nearly the whole edition of his book was committed to the flames by the public executioner at Vienne. Servetus, discovering the treachery of Calvin, charged him with it, but Calvin denied the charge, thus adding duplicity to his sins in the matter. This duplicity was afterwards proven.

Not long after, when Servetus, under an assumed name, passed through Geneva on his way to an asylum of safety, it was Calvin who denounced him to the authorities in accordance with his threat uttered some time before that if Servetus ever came within his jurisdiction he would never suffer him to leave it alive. That it was not detestation of Servetus' heresy, or fear of his influence which alone actuated Calvin, becomes clear when we learn that the authorities at Geneva were unaware of his heresy, and that the only copy of Servetus' book (which was made the basis of the charge against him) was in John Calvin's library, and was furnished by him to the prosecutors.

Calvin was a great intellect and rendered illustrious service to the cause of religious freedom and civil liberty. For centuries he has been honored; his will has

been law to millions of Protestants. But the hour of his dethronement as a religious teacher and guide has arrived. The present strenuous movement to perpetuate his memory by a new edition of his writings and the erection of an imposing monument in the city of which he was for nearly thirty years the virtual ruler is a significant witness to the decadence of John Calvin's influence. The epoch-making session of the Liberal Religious Congress in Geneva three years since, Minot J. Savage's sermon in the very pulpit of Calvin in St. Peter's Cathedral, and the open avowal of Unitarian sentiments by a majority of the professors of the Theological School of the University founded by Calvin are testimonies to prove that not Calvin but Servetus has triumphed at the last.

If any other testimony to this were needed we might find it in the monument in expiation of Calvin's deed erected a few years since, on the spot where Servetus was burned, by the Presbyterians of France and Switzerland—a noble and gracious action on their part.

In Vienne, France, there is being erected another monument to Servetus as the victim of priestly intolerance, as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood as "one of the founders of comparative geography" (to quote the eminent Elisée Reclus) and as the "good physician" in times of pestilence.

Not content with all this posthumous honor an appeal has just been sent forth from Geneva itself, signed by a committee of famous men all over Europe, asking for contributions to still another monument to Michael Servetus to be erected in the city of his martyrdom. Among those who signed it are professors of the Universities of Christiania, Brussels, Zurich, Upsala, Rome, Vienna, Prague and Halle, the late President of the French Chamber of Deputies, the Vice President of the French Senate, the President of the Council of Amsterdam, the late President of the Spanish Republic, and many others. The closing words of the appeal read:

"Humanity owes Michael Servetus a great debt: for his works, his learning, his discoveries, his free piety, his sufferings, and his death."

There is something wonderful in this resurrection of the name and services of Michael Servetus. The Unitarians have nothing to do with it. Their list of martyrs in all countries may be counted by hundreds, if not thousands. The Christology of Servetus is farther removed from the Unitarian viewpoint today than that of modern Calvinism. The present apothesis of Servetus is the spontaneous expression of the reaction all over Europe against dogmatism, intolerance, and ecclesiastical despotism. It is a tribute to freedom of thought, sincerity of speech, a heroic endurance to the bitter end for truth and humanity. As such it is to be welcomed and encouraged. John Calvin's logic and iron will served his day and generation. But in our time we need a freer, larger, humaner, more inclusive type of religion, and to that Servetus bore early and heroic witness.

CHAS. W. WENDTE.

This appeal of the conscience is a solemn summons in the life of every man. It cries, Art thou ready? Give an account. Give an account of thy years, thy leisure, thy strength, thy studies, thy talent, and thy works. Now and here is the hour of great hearts, the hour of heroism and of genius.—*Amiel.*

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

(Continued from last week.)

Anna L. Burnham, West Philadelphia, Pa. (Pd.).
A Chicago Friend (Pd.).
M. J. Miller, Geneseo, Ill. (Pd.).
M. A. Vye, Minneapolis, Minn. (Pd.).
Lena L. Wood, Monmouth, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Huron, S. D.
W. R. Wood, Greeley, Neb. (Pd.). (Corrected from Feb. 12th issue.)

Thirty-eight dollars has been received from seven others.

From an Old Contributor, Madison, Wis. I enclose $—, only a mite, to go toward the UNITY Endowment Fund and hope the way may be kept open for us to add more to it from time to time, as we shall be glad to do. Hoping that your hope and the hope of UNITY'S friends generally may be more than realized in the matter of the endowment.

From a Well-Known Bishop. I wish I could so help put UNITY on its feet that it might go by leaps and bounds forward. I would like to make this little contribution ten times the amount to accomplish this purpose. Please, however, accept the will for the deed.

From Geneseo, Ill. Here is my $30 according to promise for the saving of UNITY. Wish you success in gleaning the field where you have so faithfully—in Faith, Hope and Love—sown the good seed for "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion."

From Denver, Colo. Enclosed is draft for $— endowment fund. If possible I shall add to this at some time. The pleasure and benefit I have received from UNITY, the real company it is for me, justifies a much larger amount, but at present this is all I can do.

From Minnesota. It gives me great pleasure to be able to join the regiment now banding itself together for the perpetuation of UNITY. May it live long and prosper, and the Senior Editor know no more sleepless nights on account of its financial problems. Although I am late in getting into line, I have been working for the dollars since the first note was sounded. It is not complimentary to the teacher to believe that money will not be forthcoming to continue the good work. May UNITY continue to be a weekly visitor in many households is the wish of, yours sincerely.

From the Daughter of an Old Friend, Philadelphia, Pa. I did think I could not join your regiment of thirty-dollar pledges for UNITY—there are so many worthy calls right here at home—so many that are difficult to turn down. But my little mother says I must assist UNITY; so here is a check for my subscription, $2, and the $30, and I heartily wish you success.

From Aurora, Ill. Your appeal for UNITY has been on my desk for some time. I have hesitated long as to what I ought to say in reply to it. I read the paper with interest and profit. I do not want it discontinued. But it is the old, old story. "The calls are so numerous!!!" If I have another $30 to give to the cause of religious progress, perhaps it ought to be given at home. It is difficult to tell what one ought to do in such matters. I must leave this an open question for a while. If, as the time of the "Thirtieth Anniversary" approaches, it seems apparent that my $30 can turn the scale and make the "Endowment Fund" possible you may count me in and draw on me for that amount.

From a "Shut-in" Reader. No, I cannot give up UNITY. Its life giving force lies too deep to be estimated in words or dollars. I am one of the fortunate among magazine readers, with the good old *Atlantic*, the indispensable *Outlook*, and beautifully illustrated *Century* magazine at hand. All these I could spare better than UNITY, which to me is the voice of my ideal religion. Could we all live up to it there would be no question of financial support for our paper. I would like to see your own sermons oftener in it, but realize that "many men of many minds make the unity we all desire."

From a Minneapolis Reader. Here is my subscription for UNITY, already a month overdue. I send it to you personally, because I want to speak my long-delayed expression of regret at not finding any moment when my funds would warrant my helping toward that Thirtieth Anniversary, much as I would like to do so.

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C. A. Osborne Willard B. Thorp Payson S. Wild

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE JOY AND SADNESS OF SUCCESS.—Those among UNITY's constituency who have followed with interest and sympathy the often pathetic, yet always inspiring, story of Miss Hobhouse's efforts for Boer relief, can hardly read without emotion the postal message that fluttered in from Switzerland one day last week. They will recall that it is barely four years since UNITY first told them of the slight, but brave and wise, little English woman traveling painfully in an ox-cart through the devastated regions of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony and sending word back to prosperous, well-to-do Europe and America of the appalling want and destitution that she found there, a brave, patient, uncomplaining, rural population silently starving, because homes, farm implements, stock, resources of every kind, had been swept away. They will remember, too, how long her appeals, direct and indirect, fell mainly on unheeding and indifferent, if not positively hostile, ears, and will see in the facts announced by this message one more striking evidence of the power of a steadfast purpose and an indomitable will; another illustration of the faith that can remove mountains. Some day the story will receive fitting and connected telling, and Emily Hobhouse will take her rightful place on the roll of the world's saintly heroines with Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, Dorothea Dix and Frances Willard.

The message—which may well be addressed to each friend of the cause—comes from Miss Hobhouse's relative and devoted advocate in Switzerland, Mme. Evelyn degli Asinelli, and reads as follows:

"Geneva, 18—2—R.S.

"Dear Friend:

"As I told you in my last letter, the good news from South Africa has been confirmed; both Boer governments intend to subsidize Emily Hobhouse's home industries and that being the case, our public collections will cease in April next. We are preparing our last Swiss gift: Two hundred and twenty-eight beautiful wheels are made to look young again and will probably leave at the end of March. I am busily engaged, begging, to pay the enormous cost of our last public token of love and interest—and I feel very sad—though I rejoice at the same time. All things come to an end; hard work, struggles, anxieties, joys—and begging. But I beg for your warm friendship—yet that at least has no end."

Is it not a wonderful story? Four short years and woman's keen intuition, rare judgment and unwearied devotion, have brought not merely life and hope, but an absolutely new development to a people that sat in sackcloth and ashes. Denounced at home as an enemy and a traitor, disowned by relatives and friends, Emily Hobhouse has never faltered in the pursuance of her plans. The Boers were quick to see the far-reaching significance of her efforts and to further them in every possible way. General Botha, now premier of the Transvaal, and Ex-President Stein of the Orange River Colony, have long been her devoted friends and trusted advisers and now, while the English queen turns a deaf ear, and the home government has given her work no recognition, one of the first acts of the newly constituted Boer governments is to give official recognition and support to the enterprise which they know has opened a new era and started a hitherto agricultural people on the highroad to industrial development.

And between the two—the clear-seeing woman and the grateful Boer statesmen—stands Switzerland, the third factor in the problem, without which the end might never have been reached. Others have done generously, but the Swiss have outdone them all. Without the hundreds—it must be well on toward a thousand—of well-made, age-seasoned spinningwheels with which they have endowed the enterprise, putting them all in repair and for the most part paying the heavy charges of transportation—without these, I say, the present wonderful development of these industries could not have been attained for many years, if at all. How true this is, is evidenced by the obvious fact that the present assurance of government support has come not a bit too soon, for Emily Hobhouse is breaking down physically and there is grave reason to fear that she will never fully recover from the strain and the hardships of these last years.

More and more little Switzerland—that "nation of hotel keepers," exploiters of the "*Fremden-industrie*"—is becoming something more to the earnest, thoughtful people of the world than their summer tramping ground. Many and varied are the lessons she is quietly, steadily teaching by example, and the world is slowly heeding more and more. One of the most beautiful monuments I know of anywhere is that white marble group erected in the public square at Basel by a French nobleman, "a grateful child of Strassburg," commemorating what Switzerland did for the people of Strassburg at the time of the terrible siege in 1870. If you do not know the story, look it up; put it alongside what the Swiss have done for the Boers and see if these are not lessons in international relations that other peoples may well take to heart. Some day, no doubt, there will be artistic commemoration in South Africa of Miss Hobhouse and the Swiss benefactors, but there, as in Strassburg, the best monument will be in the lives and hearts of the grateful people.

M. E. H.

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They are sermons to inspire pure living and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—*The Watchman* (Boston, Mass.).

It is clean, wholesome, rugged. It comes from a soul in full communion with Ruskin, Emerson, Browning and other like world spirits. [But] the religion of the cross still contains a subtle and universal power far beyond that of any gospel with the divine Christ omitted.—*Christian Century* (Chicago).

His gospel is hearty, wholesome and practical; his spirit is catholic, humane and inspiring. The temper of the book, like the temper of the man, is bravely optimistic, with hardly a touch of pensiveness.—*The Record-Herald* (Chicago).

All along the line of inspiring in children admiration of large and high ideals, this volume of talks so sane, so sensible, and so stimulating—and that in a by no means easy field—is conspicuously successful.—*The Christian Register* (Boston, Mass.).

My husband spends all his leisure time in reading it to me.—*From a bride who received it as a wedding gift.*

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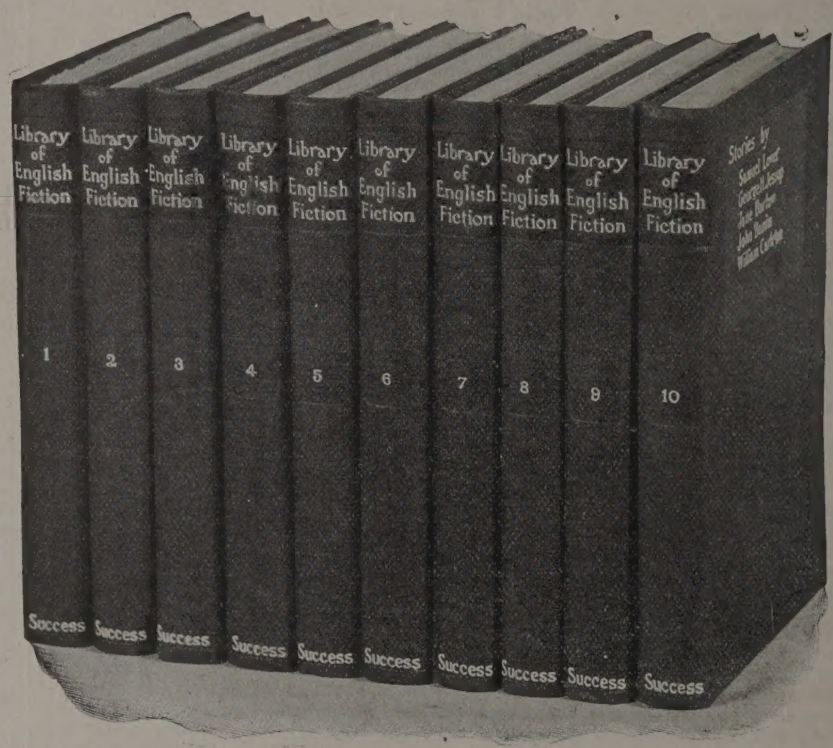

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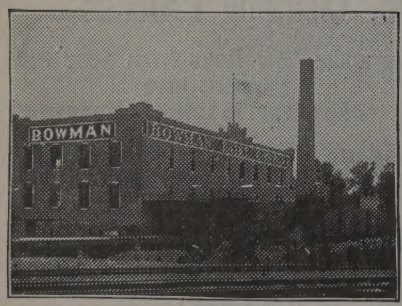

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